JEHANGIR R.P. MODY

a dictionary of shakespearean quotations

A DICTIONARY OF
SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS

Author of:

Vondel and Milton
Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy (First Indian Knight and Baronet)
Verses: Grave and Gay
Golden Gleanings
Golden Harvest
Harp of Weal and Woe
Hector, Prince of Troy
A Youth's Fancies

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By

JEHANGIR R. P. MODY

BETTER YOURSELF BOOKS

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To

My Mother

Mrs. Najamai R.P. Mody

A better mother no man had ever had.

RIP

PREFACE

It is right that a preface to a dictionary of quotations should begin with a quotation. For what could be a more fitting prelude to a treasury of gems than a gem itself? The Book of Job supplies the most adequate: 'How forcible are right words!' (6,25).

This dictionary is an open sesame to a veritable Aladdin's cave of gems of beauty and sentiment, wit and wisdom, humour and experience, culled from the complete work of William Shakespeare. Here is old wine in old bottles, a compelling selection of over two thousand and five hundred quotations on about six hundred different subjects, alphabetically arranged for ready reference. Throughout the work we have followed *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*, edited by W.J. Craig, Humphrey Milford, OUP, reprinted 1945.

Shakespearean quotations are of outstanding merit. For one thing, more choice quotations can be culled from the works of Shakespeare and the Bible than from those of all the other writers of the world. Shakespeare, as every student of literature knows, does not belong particularly to any age, country or civilisation, for he is a world poet. Taine's brilliant theory of *race, milieu et moment* is applicable to lesser lights but not to 'the omniscient Shakespeare.'

Homer extols in his epics the martial deeds of the Greek warriors. Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, heralds the era of Marathon and Salamis. Sophocles belongs to the Golden Age of Pericles, 'his tragedies present the purest mirror of the Athenian mind at its most brilliant period.' Virgil, Poet Laureate of Imperial Rome, immortalises the age of Augustus Caesar. Dante mirrors the catholicism of the Middle Ages in his *Divine Comedy.*

Milton, the rebel-regicide, belongs to the age of rebels in which Cromwell was the arch-rebel. But Shakespeare is the world's epitome.

The difficulty of the task was not to get enough quotations, for it is a fact that almost fifty thousand quotations on a thousand different subjects could be culled from the vast treasure-house of Shakespeare's complete works. But it was to select them with care. What should be the criterion of selection? Perhaps the value of the quotation itself. But value is a delightfully vague term. It is here taken in its broadest sense: value of wisdom, wit, humour, clarity, beauty and brevity. Of course, this does not mean that longer quotations have been excluded; they are not, even at the risk of being inconsistent; bearing in mind Emerson's advice: 'A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.'

Furthermore though these quotations are obviously meant for 'citing' purpose, they may also serve as the thought-provoking groundwork of fresh literary productions or as a guidance of behaviour.

—Jehangir R. P. Mody

ABSENCE

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 172

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.
—Sonnet No. XLIII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
—Sonnet No. XCVII

ABSTINENCE

Refrain tonight;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 165

ACTION

Action is eloquence.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 76

Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 51

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 88

Strong reasons make strong actions.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 182

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 219

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 45

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 77

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 90

O! what men dare do! what men may do!
What men daily do, not knowing what they do!
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 19

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 372

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
—The Winter's Tale, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 92

All your acts are queens.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 145

ACTOR

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 40

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear: let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 553

To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.
—A Lover's Complaint, L. 124

ADAM

There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 32

Adam was a gardener.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 146

ADMIRATION

Season your admiration for a while.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 192

ADULTERY

A housewife that by selling her desires buys herself bread and clothes.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 95

ADVANTAGE

Make use of time, let not advantage slip.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 129

ADVENTURE

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of tomorrow.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 21

ADVERSITY

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 12

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more we should ourselves complain.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 34

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 24

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 64

I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 46

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 54

ADVICE

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 3

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 47

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 184

When a wise man gives thee better counsel,
give me mine again. I would have none but knaves
follow it, since a fool gives it.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 76

Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.
—A Lover's Complaint, L. 159

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 10

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act, V, Sc. 1, L. 3

Scorning advice, read the conclusion then.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 56

Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 1

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 3

Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 29

O! that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 259

They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 640

AFFECTION

For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 50

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 387

AGE

And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 26

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 163

For they say an old man is twice a child.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 413

For at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 68

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 108

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 8

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 263

Here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 19

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 22

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee.
—The Passionate Pilgrim, L. 157

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 198

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 275

AMBITION

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 21

Dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 267

I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that is but a shadow's shadow.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 271

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 88

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 18

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
—II Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 13

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 143

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 441

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 21

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 98

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself
And falls on th' other.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 25

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 28

AMUSEMENT

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 31

ANGEL

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 42

A ministering angel shall my sister be.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 263

Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 373

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel. Then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 58

ANGER

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 221

O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar the horned herd; for I

have savage cause.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 11, L. 126

To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 11, L. 195

Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 6

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 240

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 310

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 25

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
—Coriolanus, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 50

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 132

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 139

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 39

Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 45

By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 46

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 109

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 118

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 124

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 19

As men in rage strike those that wish them best.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 245

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 18

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 70

Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 62

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 133

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 77

APPEARANCE

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 62

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 12

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 224

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 11

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 293

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
And evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 99

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 65

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 97

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.

—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 29

O serpent-heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!

—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 73

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 80

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound?
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 83

O! that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 84

O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast.
—Sonnet No. XXIII

APPETITE

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 38

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 294

The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 11

To make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge.
—Sonnet No. CXVIII

APPLAUSE

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
—Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 218

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 53

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes,
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 67

ARGUMENT

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 18

ART

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 289

ASPIRATION

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 282

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 5

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 15

AUTHORITY

Authority melts from me.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 11, L. 90

My soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 107

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 63

Thus can the demi-god Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 129

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 117

Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 134

He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 789

AVARICE

With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
Any my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 76

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 84

BABY

The infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 143

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 60

BALLAD

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 128

I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 187

BARGAIN

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 138

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 109

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 7

BEAUTY

O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 46

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 70

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 53

My beauty, though not mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 13

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 244

Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 187

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
—The Passionate Pilgrim, St. XIII

Beauty, blemish'd once's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.
—The Passionate Pilgrim, St. XIII

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 27

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 51

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 85

The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 85

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
—Sonnet No. LIV

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 94

BEE

Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 88

I think the honey guarded with a sting.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 493

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 10, L. 42

BEGGAR

Unless the adage must be verified
That beggar's mounted run their horse to death.
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 126

A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 122

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be

To say there is no vice but beggary.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 596

You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 440

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 76

A begging prince what beggar pities not?
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 277

BELL

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Ducan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 62

BIOGRAPHER

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 69

BIRTH

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief
and wear a golden sorrow.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 18

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 187

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die.
—Sonnet No. 1

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
—Sonnet No. III

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.
—Sonnet No. XIII

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 169

BLACK

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 255

Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue.
—Titus Andronicus Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 100

BLESSING

Bless'd be those,
How mean so'er, that they have their honest wills, which seasons comfort.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 7

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 351

A double blessing is a double grace.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 53

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessing on her!
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 134

A pack of blessings light upon thy back.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 140

BLINDNESS

He, that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 238

BLUSHING

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 42

Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' th' Feast.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 67

BOASTING

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass

That every braggart shall be found an ass.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 374

O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 289

BOLDNESS

Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 18

You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness.
—II Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 138

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 62

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 56

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
—Macbeth, Act 1, Sec. 7, L. 46

What man dare, I dare.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 99

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 180

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 121

BONDAGE

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 64

You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 1

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 112

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 101

Who is here so base that would be a bondman?
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 32

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 88

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 160

BOOK

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
—Love's Labour's Lost. Act I, Sc. 1, L. 72

Sir, he hath not fed of the dainties that are bred of a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only

an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 25

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 205

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine on library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 166

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 34

BORE

O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 158

BREVITY

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 90

BRIBERY

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and smart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 9

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 23

BROOK

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 25

BURDEN

And from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 382

CAESAR

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 235

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 18

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 134

Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
—Julius Caesar Act III, Sc. 2, L. 22

Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?
—Julius Caesar. Act III, Sec. 2, L. 24

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 80

The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 83

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 97

That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerer,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 84

CALUMNY

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
thou shalt not escape calumny.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 142

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 175

For calumny will sear
Virtue itself.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 72

CANDOUR

His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 256

He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 165

Speak frankly as the wind.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 253

CARE

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 22

Care is not cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 3

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 135

Deep-drenched in a sea of care.

—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1100

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, curses and grief.

—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 78

Things past redress are now with me past care.

—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 171

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 195

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 35

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

—Twelfth-Night, Act 1, Sc. 3, L. 3

CAUSE

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick.

—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 118

And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 103

And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 120

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 3

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 13

Mine's not an idle cause.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 95

CHANCE

I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 172

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 143

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 551

CHARITY

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 86

He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 31

Be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 17

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 23

Charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 364

Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 68

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 133

CHASTITY

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 46

Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 9

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 13

That I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 12

Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chase man.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 82

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 57

CHILDREN

At first the infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 143

I will teach the children their behaviours.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 68

Unruly children make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 30

Your children were vexation to your youth
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 306

CHIVALRY

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deathless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 95

COMFORT

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 182

O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 121

I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful you deny me that.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 41

He receives comfort like cold porridge.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 10

CONCEIT

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 113

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 165

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips let no dog bark!'
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 88

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 327

CONFESSION

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 149

Confess thee freely of thy sin.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 53

CONQUEST

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 18

In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 76

I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 44

CONSCIENCE

My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 8

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 86

He but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 234

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 379

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 222

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 125

Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 17

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 180

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 194

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
—Sonnet No. CLI

CONSPIRACY

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 77

Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 90

O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 58

CONSTANCY

Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 237

O constancy! be strong upon my side.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 6

It is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 245

Here is my hand for my true constancy.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 8

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect!
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 110

CONTEMPLATION

So sweet is zealous contemplation.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 93

CONTEMPT

Let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 40

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 159

CONTENT

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 25

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 78

He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 33

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 62

Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief
And wear a golden sorrow.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 18

Our content is our best having.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 23

For I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 193

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 171

CORRUPTION

Stew'd in corruption.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 93

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 445

I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew.
—Measure for Measure, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 316

COURAGE

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 1

Why, courage, then! What cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 37

For courage mounteth with occasion.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 82

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 59

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 13

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 205

COURT

Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 3

Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 10, L. 18

COURTESY

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 251

I am the king of courtesy.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 11

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 49

I am the very pink of courtesy.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 63

Honest fools lay out their wealth on courtesies.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 244

COWARDICE

You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From the slaves that apes would beat!
—Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 34

Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 21

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 26

I was a coward on instinct.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 304

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 32

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 115

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars.

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 83

CRIME

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 54

Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 51

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 26

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear.
—Titus Andronicus, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 63

CROWN

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 31

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polishe'd perturbation! golden care!
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 20

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 61

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!

—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 160

CRUELTY

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 420

I must be cruel only to be kind.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 178

'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 76

Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!

—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 289

CUNNING

More matter, with less art.

—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 95

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

—Henry V, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 45

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.

—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 283

CUPID

It may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder.

—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 49

Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 183

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 169

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

—A Mid-Summer Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 440

Loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 105

CURSE

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 194

CUSTOM

Custom calls me to't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do't.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 124

The breach of custom
Is breach of all.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 10

Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom?
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 2

DANGER

Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 44

DAY

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 1

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 38

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 9

DEATH

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 296

And by the doom of death end woes and all.

—The Comedy of Errors, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 2

He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another.

—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 109

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
  As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 258

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 264

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 29

All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 72

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 260

O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 356

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
—II Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 210

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 26

But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 28

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 136

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 27

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 30

Death, death: O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 25

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 23

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 112

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 62

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 28

He that dies pays all debts.
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 143

DECEIT

By indirections find directions out.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 66

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 98

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 75

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 27

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 73

DEFIANCE

Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.
—II Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 195

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 50

France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 258

Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at all!
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 57

DELAY

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 33

Dull not device by coldness and delay.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 397

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 53

DESERVE

Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 523

O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.
—Measure for Measure, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 9

DESIRE

Wishers were ever fools.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 13, L. 37

Give me my robe, put on my crown I have
Immortal longings in me.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 282

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 85

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 128

But most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 6

For every man hath business and desire.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 130

Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?
—II Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 283

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 4

The trustless wings of false desire.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 2

I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 4

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 389

DESPAIR

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 1

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 9

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 108

DEVIL

The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 635

The devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 130

The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 542

What! can the devil speak true?
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 107

'Tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 55

Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 108

DEW

Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 339

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 134

DIFFICULTY

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 41

DIGESTION

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 74

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 236

DISCONTENT

O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seem best; things present worst.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 107

For what's more miserable than discontent?
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 201

Whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 52

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 371

Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 21

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 172

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 134

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 331

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 1

Content you in my discontent.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 80

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 267

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 443

DISCORD

How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands, hold amity?
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 243

DISCRETION

It is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 116

Let your own discretion be your tutor.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 19

Covering discretion with a coat of folly.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 38

You should be rul'd and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than yourself.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 150

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 731

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 2

DISDAIN

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 51

DISEASE

O! he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it easy.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 294

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 112

Sickness is catching.

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 186

Loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

—Sonnet No. XXXV

DISGRACE

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 12, L. 56

DOUBT

I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 50

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born.

—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 95

Now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 24

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 77

To be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 179

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 15

DOVE

As patient as the female dove.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 308

Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 171

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 287

DOWRY

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 48

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 486

She is herself a dowry.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 241

DREAM

O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I had bad dreams.

—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 264

A dream itself is but a shadow.

—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 270

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 202

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 210

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal.

—Pericles, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 163

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!

—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 165

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 308

All that is but a dream
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 140

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 1

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead;—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 6

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
—Twelfth-Night, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 67

How like a dream is this I see and hear!
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 26

DRESS

The soul of this man is his clothes.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 49

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 70

She bears a duke's revenues on her back.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 83

Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks
betray thy poor heart to woman.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 95

Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet,
or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 123

But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 129

See, where she comes apparell'd like the spring.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 12

Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet—nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

—The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2, L. 9

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 173

DRINKING

Leave thy drink and thy whore.

—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 138

Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 88

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 106

Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 204

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 30

They are most potent in potting.

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 80

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 285

O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 293

Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 315

DRUNKENNESS

One drunkard loves another of the name.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 50

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.

—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 66

Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 118

Drunk! and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 282

DUELLING

I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 51

There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 46

DUTY

My duty then, shall pay me for my pains.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 128

Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 160

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When powers to flattery bows?
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 149

My ever-esteemed duty pricks me on.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 265

At least we'll die with harness on our back.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 52

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 82

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 85

What poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 91

And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 101

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty—
I am hitherto your daughter; but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 180

Do thy duty, and have thy duty.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act, IV, Sc. 1, L. 38

Tell these headstring women
What duty they owe their lords and husbands.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 131

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 156

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 112

Duty never yet did want his meed.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 113

My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 8

EAGLE

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 82

EAR

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 68

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat.
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 5

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 79

What fire is in mine ears?
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 107

EARTHQUAKE

Diseased nature often times breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 27

EATING

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 105

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 33

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 6

The food that to him now is as lucious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 352

Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 28

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 37

If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' shell.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 144

ECONOMY

Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 77

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 268

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 91

EDUCATION

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 145

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school.

—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 37

EGOTISM

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 20

ELOQUENCE

I am no orator, as Brutus is.

—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 221

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood.

—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 225

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 230

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 70

END

I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 64

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 35

O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 123

The end crowns all.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 223

ENDURANCE

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 263

O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 93

ENEMY

In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 43

He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 26

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 139

You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.

—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 155

Finding their enemy to be so curst
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

—Venus and Adonis, L. 887

ENGLAND

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

—Henry V, Act II, Prologue, 16

This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 18

England we love; and, for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.

—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 91

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conquerer.

—King John, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 112

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 116

ENVY

Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 6

Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy;
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 239

Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 43

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 207

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 123

The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 129

EQUALITY

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 47

The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 457

The odds for high and low's alike.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 207

ERROR

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kills the mother that engender'd thee.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 67

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
—Sonnet, No. CXVI

The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 107

EVENING

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air; thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 14, L. 2

EVIL

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 20

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 24

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 4

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 45

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 81

Evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
—King John, Act III, Sc. IV, L. 114

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 55

O! unlook'd—for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 846

EXCELLENCE

It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 48

Still constant in a wondrous excellence.
—Sonnet No. CV

EXCESS

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 208

Extremity of griefs would make men mad.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 19

EXERCISE

'Tis the breathing time of day with me.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 181

The rich advantage of good exercise.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 60

EXILE

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 19

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 13

EXPECTATION

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 145

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 161

Expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 17

EXPERIENCE

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad—and to travel for it too!
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 28

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 45

To wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 305

Unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 213

Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 22

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 70

EXTREME

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 51

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
—I Henry VI, Act IV Sc. 1, L. 37

Who can be patient in such extremes?
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 215

EYE

Lack-lustre eye.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 21

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 116

Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 302

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 57

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.
Look with thine ears.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 153

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 60

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 312

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 334

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 95

O, hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 140

Reason becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 120

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 51

An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 24

Her eyes like marigolds, hath sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 397

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 116

Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 67

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 59

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ!
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.
—Sonnet No. XXIII

The present eye praises the present object.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 180

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 55

O! then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 108

FACE

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 102

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 298

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't.
—Coriolanus, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 66

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 4. L. 18

For thou hast given me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
—II Henry, VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 21

I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 99

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 11

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 63

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 82

You have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storms, of cloudiness.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 41

Though men cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1252

A press of gaping faces.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1408

Compare her face with some that I shall show;
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 91

FAIRY

This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and spites!
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 191

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
Your moonshine revellers and shades of night.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 41

FAITH

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 22

Play fast and loose with faith.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 242

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 75

FALL

Some falls are means the happier to arise.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 403

O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 47

I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 226

Press not a falling man too far!
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 334

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 372

Great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 194

FAME

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 1

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 390

FAMILIARITY

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 61

I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 258

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
—Sonnet No. CII

FANCY

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 212

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 102

Is not this something more than fantasy?
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 54

She is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 38

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 63

For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 33

FAREWELL

Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 39

Poor Jack; farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 103

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 117

Farewell, for I must leave you.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 145

Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 352

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.
—Sonnet No. LXXXVII

Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 104

FASHION

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.
The observ'd of all observers.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 162

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 148

Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 21

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 257

Old fashions please me best.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 80

This doth fit the time.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 69

FASTING

'Tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 24

Surfeit is the father of much fast.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 135

FATE

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 81

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 223

O God! that one might read the book of fate.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 45

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 57

Men at some time are masters of their fates.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 138

O vain boast!
Who can control his fate?
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 264

I am the mistress of my fate.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1069

Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe:
What is decreed must be, and be this so!
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 329

FATHER

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 48

To you, your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 47

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 97

FATNESS

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens!
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 55

He's fat, and scant of breath.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 301

As fat as butter.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 568

Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 187

Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 26

FAULT

Our rasher faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 60

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 298

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 373

'Tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 101

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 37

His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 334

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 31

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 140

A friendly eye could never see such faults.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 89

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 30

The image of a wicked heinous fault lives in his eyes.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 71

Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 284

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 37

That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 40

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 633

All men make faults.
—Sonnet No. XXXV

We cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 53

FAVOUR

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 130

O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 367

FEAR

In time we hate that which we often fear,
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 12

So slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 48

For defect of judgment
Is oft the cease of fear.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 111

Distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 204

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 15

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 70

When our actions do not
Our fears do make us traitors.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 3

In the night, imagining some fear
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 21

Extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 230

Sweating with guilty fear.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 740

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain—no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 180

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 15

FEAST

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 26

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.
—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 86

This night in banqueting must all be spent.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 51

Our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 10

FEATHER

I am a feather for each wind that blows.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 154

FIDELITY

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 11, L. 42

Master, go on, I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 69

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 147

My man's as true as steel.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 212

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun today, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 184

FIGHTING

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.

—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 96

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.

—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 35

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 54

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 1

His blows are well dispos'd.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 114

FIRE

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 8, L. 7

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 647

The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 22

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 30

FLATTERY

'Tis a holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 27

He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.
—Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 173

Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 8

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 254

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 61

By God, I cannot flatter: do defy
The tongues of soothsayers.
—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 6

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery?
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 267

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 207

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 100

He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 215

O flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 279

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 232

FLESH

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 129

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh'.
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 308

My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 142

FLIGHT

I will be gone:
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 129

Show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 53

FLOWER

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 220

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 172

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 902

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 69

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 79

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiem's thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 107

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 249

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 79

To stew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds.
—Pericles, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 15

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 15

Sweet as spring-time flowers.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 241

FOLLY

Full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 116

We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 209

Folly, in wisdom hatch'd
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 70

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 75

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 31

The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 111

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun—
it shines everywhere.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 36

Wise men folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 76

FOOL

For always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 51

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely
what wise men do foolishly.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 93

For since the little wit that fools have was silenced,
the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 95

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motely fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 12

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 36

Fools cure not mad folks.

—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 105

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house.

—Hamlet, Act, III, Sc. 1, L. 134

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 24

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.

—II Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 53

What fools these mortals be!

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 115

Silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1812

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace.

—Titus Andronicus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 204

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 67

FOP

He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again.

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 36

He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate as I may call it.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 13

FORGETFULNESS

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 154

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 85

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 241

When I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 255

FORGIVENESS

Pardon's the word to all.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 423

May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 56

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 37

I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 130

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
—The Tempest, Epilogue, L. 19

FORTITUDE

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 45

FORTUNE

I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 4

Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 11, L. 73

Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 44

One out of suits with fortune.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 263

Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 46

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 72

We ready are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 43

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 103

Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler
afore her eyes, to signify to you
that Fortune is blind.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 32

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 119

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 164

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 268

'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 12

And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 952

O! I am fortune's fool.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 142

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 60

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
—Toilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 134

FOX

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 55

Thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 98

The fox which lives by subtlety.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 675

FRIEND

Keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 76

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 63

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 62

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 91

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 28

Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 87

To wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 757

I would be friends with you and have your love.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 139

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 46

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 101

I am wealthy in my friends.
—Timon of Athens, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 194

The private wound is deepest: O time most curst!
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 71

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may
swear it in the behalf of his friend.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 183

FROST

An envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first born infants of the spring.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 100

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 107

Th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 256

FRUIT

The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 115

Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 27

The ripest fruit first falls.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 154

Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 63

Fair fruit in an unwholesome dish
Are like to rot untasted.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 130

FUNERAL

His obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formed ostentation.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 211

FUTURE

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 111

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 58

GAIN

Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 7

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 45

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 15

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 131

GAMBLING

The most patient man in loss, the most
eldest that ever turned up ace.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L, 2

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 32

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 9

By the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.
—Timon of Athens, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 34

GAME

He beats thee 'gainst the odds.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 27

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 30

You base football player.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 94

GENTLEMAN

My master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 240

An absolute gentleman, full of the most excellent differences.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 112

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 92

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 8, L. 35

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 255

We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 24

A loyal, just and upright gentleman.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 87

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 244

He bears him like a portly gentleman.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 70

An effable and courteous gentleman.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 99

He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 74

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 75

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 172

GENTLENESS

What would you have? your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 102

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 118

They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 171

This milky gentleness.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 366

Touch'd with human gentleness and love.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 25

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 47

GHOST

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that let me!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 84

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 40

Alas, poor ghost!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 4

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou has no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 93

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 106

GIFT

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 263

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 100

All the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice
of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 194

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 65

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
—Pericles, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 23

GLORY

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
—I Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 133

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 360

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 366

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 31

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle,
So doth the greater glory dim the less.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 92

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
—Sonnet No. XCI

Like madness is the glory of this life.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 141

O! the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.
—Timon of Athens, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 30

Who would be so mock'd with glory?
—Timon of Athens, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 33

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 43

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 26

Heaven is above all yet: there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 99

That supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 112

Well, God's a good man.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 5, 39

Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 106

We cannot but obey
The Powers above us.
—Pericles, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 9

God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 89

Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 22

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 55

GOLD

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
—Cybeline, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 53

Thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 101

The strongest castle, tower and town,
The gloden bullet beats it down.
—The Passionate Pilgrim, L. 327

Now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 9

Gold were as good as twenty orators.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 38

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in the loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest not sell.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 80

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 767

GOOD

There is some soul of goodness in things evil.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 4

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 81

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves.

—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 38

I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly.

—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 73

My meaning in saying he is a good man,
Is to have you understand me that he is sufficient.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 14

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 10

What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours.

—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 872

With a piece of Scripture,
Tell him that God bids us do good for evil.

—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 334

GOODWILL

And when goodwill is show'd though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 8

I should do it,
With much more ease; for my goodwill is to it,
And yours it is against.

—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 29

GOOSE

Here you may roast your goose.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 18

Thou cream-faced loon,
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 11

GOVERNMENT

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
—Henry V, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 180

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
—I Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 192

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 34

How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
How amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 243

GRACE

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 10

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
—Hamlet, Act I Sc. 3, L. 53

Natural graces that extinguish art.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 191

In his own grace he doth exalt himself.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 68

Grace is grace, despite of all controversy.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 26

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 36

Till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 30

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1. L. 85

That word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 88

GRAPE

Poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 601

GRATITUDE

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 133

For this relief, much thanks.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 8

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 286

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
—II Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 85

Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 20

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 306

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 65

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 153

GRAVE

Renowned be thy grave!
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 281

Lay her in the earth;
And from fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 261

Gilded tombs do worms infold.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 69

That small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
—Richard II, Act III, 2, L. 152

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 153

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 69

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grows no damned drugs, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 150

GREATNESS

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 139

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 127

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 53

And all the course of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 42

Greatness knows itself.
—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 74

Yea, the elect O' the land.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 60

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 223

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 18

The choice and master spirits of this age.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 163

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 51

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less, foul profanation.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 127

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1004

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 259

But be not afraid of greatness: some are born great,

some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 159

GRIEF

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
Excessive grief the enemy to the living.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 65

This grief is crowned with consolation.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 173

O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 298

Some griefs are med'cinable.

—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 33

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.

—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 370

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate.

—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 1

O! if I could, what grief should I forget.

—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 50

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates.

—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 115

His grief grew puissant and the strings of life began to crack.

—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 218

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 209

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 40

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 20

Nor does the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 54

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 202

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1574

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1581

Grief makes one hour ten.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 261

I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 6

My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 191

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 295

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 192

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 47

Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 73

And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
—Sonnet No. XL

Alas! poor man; grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
—Titus Andronicus, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 79

I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 109

What's gone and what's past help,

Should be past grief.

—The Winter's Tale, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 223

GUILT

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 40

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul that struggling to be free
Art more engaged!

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 67

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 19

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 6, L. 11

Guietiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.

—Othello, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 109

HABIT

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 168

HAND

Let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 427

What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there no rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 43

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 22

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 61

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 56

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute.
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 44

His sweating palm
The precedent of pith and livelihood.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 25

HAPPINESS

O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 48

I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 310

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 22

HARVEST

The seedman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain;
And shortly comes to harvest.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 24

A most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 101

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
—The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 134

HASTE

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 25

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 77

Haste is needful in this desperate case.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 129

Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 174

We must do something, and i' the heat.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 312

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 119

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
—Measure for Measure, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 411

The cause craves haste.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1295

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 58

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 15

HATE

Cherish those hearts that hate thee.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 444

What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 271

I do hate him as I do hell-pains.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 155

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 66

HAWTHORN

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 42

HEAD

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 163

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 157

HEALTH

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 227

Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 107

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And make as healthful music.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 140

HEART

Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 373

A good heart's worth gold.
—II Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 34

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 232

But your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 106

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 55

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 93

His flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support;
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 198

Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 111

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 64

My heart is ever at your service.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 77

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 78

HEAVEN

The treasury of everlasting joy.
—II Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 18

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 76

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 99

My hopes in heaven do dwell.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 460

If angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 61

HELL

All hell shall stir for this.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 72

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 6, L. 67

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 23

Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 214

HELP

Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 111

HELPLESSNESS

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 57

HESITATION

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 41

That we would do,
We should do when we would.

—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 118

I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 32

We would and we would not.

—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 37

HILL

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.

—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 131

HOLIDAY

For now I am
In a holiday humour.

—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 61

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 226

The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 81

He speaks holiday.

—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 72

HOLINESS

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

—II Henry VI, Act, I, Sc. 3, L. 58

What thou wouldst highly
That thou wouldst holily.

—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 21

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown.

—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 24

HOME

Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows.

—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 50

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 2

HONESTY

Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 98

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 13

Mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 95

Honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 32

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 62

Blessed be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.
—Cymbeline, Act 1, Sc. 6, L. 7

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 179

I am myself indifferent honest.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 124

An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.
—II Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 50

Mine honesty shall be my dower.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 72

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 445

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 123

An honest maid as ever broke bread.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 157

O monstrous world! I take note, take note, O world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.

—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 378

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.

—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 733

HONOUR

See that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 14

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 106

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 22

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 42

Honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

—Henry V, Act II, Chorus L. 3

The fewer the men, the greater share of honour.

—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 22

If it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 28

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 184

Sounded all the depths and shoals of honour.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 437

Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 86

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 45

To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 150

But why should honour outlive honesty?
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 243

Honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 21

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 27

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 182

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 175

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo.
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 26

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 198

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 154

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 26

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 27

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 355

HOPE

Our hap is loss, or hope but sad despair.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 9

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 2

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 23

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 247

HORSE

O for a horse with wings!
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 49

He doth nothing but talk of his horse.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 44

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds!
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 178

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 6

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 295

HOSPITALITY

My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 81

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 55

I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 39

Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 65

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 28

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 139

Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 575

A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1125

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome!
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 170

His worth is warrant for his welcome.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 103

HOUR

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 26

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 32

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 368

HOUSE

He that has a house to put his head in has a good head piece.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 25

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 376

Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lest my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 229

HUMILITY

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 43

My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 29

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 3

I thank my God for my humility.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 73

HUMOUR

For the love of laughter, hinder not the honour
of his design.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 43

I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 140

Claw no man in his humour.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 19

HUNGER

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 132

My more-having would be a sauce
To make me hunger more.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 81

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need an oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 69

HUNTING

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 17

Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
—II Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 14

Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 3

HUSBAND

No worse a husband than the best of men.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 135

Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 20

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 98

When I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 102

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 147

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord—
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 156

Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;

There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 173

HYPOCRISY

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 12

'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 47

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 165

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 151

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 82

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 293

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 99

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal?
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 35

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stol'n out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 334

IDLENESS

The unyok'd humour of your idleness.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 218

Hog is sloth.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 95

Idle weeds are fast in growth.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 103

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 154

IDOLATRY

'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 56

IGNORANCE

The greater cantle of the world is lost with very ignorance.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 8, L. 16

Let me not burst in ignorance.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 46

O gross and miserable ignorance!

—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 182

That unletter'd small-knowing soul.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 253

O thou monster, Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 24

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue!

—Troilus and Cresida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 30

There is no darkness but ignorance.

—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 30

ILLUSION

And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 42

IMAGINATION

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 185

He waxes desperate with imagination.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 87

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 136

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.

—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 134

This is the gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory; nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 67

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 7

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 294

IMITATION

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 94

IMMORTALITY

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 65

IMPOSSIBILITY

I will strive with things impossible.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 325

I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 39

We cannot be here and there too.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 17

INCONSTANCY

For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 29

Frailty hath examples for his falling.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 190

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 65

O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 109

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 110

INDEPENDENCE

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 60

INFLUENCE

Like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 64

Influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 113

Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 186

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 354

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 85

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 174

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 456

Et tu Brute! Then fall, Caesar!
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 77

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanish'd him; then burst his mighty heart.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 187

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 282

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 312

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top!
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 164

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 577

These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
—Timon of Athens, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 224

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 390

INJUSTICE

My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 33

INN

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked?
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 92

INNOCENCE

Had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
—II Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 60

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 100

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 87

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 81

What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence.
—The Winter's Tale, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 68

I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble.
—The Winter's Tale, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 31

INSTINCT

I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 34

Instinct is a great matter. I was now a coward on instinct.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 303

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 42

INTELLIGENCE

He's very knowing.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 23

INVENTION

This is a man's invention and his hand.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 29

IRON

I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 10, L. 30

Strike now, or else the iron cools.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 49

ITALIAN

The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 277

JEALOUSY

Self-harming jealousy!
—The comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 102

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 116

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 69

Green-eyed jealousy.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 110

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 145

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 165

Think'st thou I'd make of life a jealousy
To follow still the changes of the moon,
With fresh suspicions?
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 177

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proof of holy writ.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 322

Jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 158

A savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly.
—Twelfth-Night, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 123

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 178

This sour, informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 655

JEST

These jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 68

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 66

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.
—I Henry IV, Act II. Sc. 2, L. 104

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 869

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. I, L. 55

JEW

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 63

JEWEL

From the east to western Inde,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 94

I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 109

'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 189

I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 106

A hoop of gold, a paltry ring.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 147

One entire and perfect chrysolite.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 143

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 147

She hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 49

Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carconet.
—Sonnet, No. LII

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words do move a woman's mind.
—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 90

JOY

Make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 48

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 33

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 191

JUDGE

And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 153

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 176

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 223

It doth appear you are a worthy judge:
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 236

The law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 238

An upright judge, a learned judge!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 324

JUDGMENT

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 13, L. 31

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 69

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 32

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts.
And men have lost their reason!
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 110

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 89

JURY

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 19

They have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 18

JUSTICE

Where the offence is let the great axe fall.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 218

For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 76

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 10

Liberty plucks justice by the nose.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 29

And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 196

As thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 316

For sparing justice feeds iniquity.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1687

KICK

I should kick, being kick'd.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 17

KINDNESS

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 130

Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 17

For your kindness I owe you a good turn.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 62

The kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 293

A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 106

A kind overflow of kindness.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 26

O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 250

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 211

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 41

For beauty lives with kindness.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 46

KING

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All's Well That Ends Well, Epilogue, L. 1

A king of shreds and patches.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 102

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 123

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 31

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 256

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
—I Henry, VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 180

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 46

Ay, every inch a king.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 110

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 91

Kings are earth's gods, in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 103

King's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 609

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 204

Let not the heavens hear these tale-tell women
Rail on the Lord's anointed.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 150

KISS

His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 13

I understand thy kisses and thou mine.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 204

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 286

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 11

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this identure of my love.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 19

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 1

To kiss in private?
An unauthoriz'd kiss.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 2

I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way but this—
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 357

Take the correction mildly, kiss the rod.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 32

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 172

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 39

A testy babe will scratch the nurse
And presently all humble kiss the rod!
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 2, I 56

What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
—Venus and Adonis, L. 207

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 209

I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, I. 174

KNAVE

Will thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 61

How absolute the knave is!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 147

O royal knavery!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 19

Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves!
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 93

A rascally-yea-forsooth knave.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 40

What an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is!
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 8, L. 36

A crafty knave does need no broker.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 100

Filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 18

Poor cuckoldy knave.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 284

A slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 246

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 321

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 160

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate.
—Twelfth-Night, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 407

KNOWLEDGE

O knowledge, ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch-'d house!
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 10

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 78

Too much to know is to know nought but fame.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 92

LABOUR

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 209

Whose sore task
Such impress of shipewrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 75

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 299

Labour in thy vocation.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 18

LAMB

The ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 74

LANGUAGE

This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 265

Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 62

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 4

There is no chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 98

Speaks three or four languages word for word without book.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 27

LARK

Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 6

Hark, hark! the lark's at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 22

Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 912

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 6

(The larks) whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 21

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 853

LAUGHTER

And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 32

With his eyes in flood with laughter.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 74

O, I am stabb'd with laughter.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 80

Laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 18

I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 122

The law's delay.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 72

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 57

A rotten case abides no handling.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 161

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 7

Let him have all the rigour of the law.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 199

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 1

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 90

Has he affectations in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would face it?
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 106

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 19

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 75

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.

—Timon of Athens, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 449

LEADER

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.

—Macbeth Act II, Sc. 1, L. 42

LEARNING

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is.

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 314

Well, for your favour, sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.

—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 19

LEISURE

Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time?

—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 17

LENDING

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 75

Lend less than thou owest.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 134

In low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 44

I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 62

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 133

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 380

LETTER

Tell him there's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 46

Let me hear from thee by letters.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 57

LIBERTY

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 47

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe;
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 15

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 90

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 93

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 78

And liberty plucks justice by the nose.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 29

So loving-jealous of his liberty.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 181

LIBRARY

My library
Was dukedom large enough.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 109

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 34

LIE

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 285

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.

—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 5 L. 103

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 12

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.

—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. I, L. 63

If I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.

—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 217

These lies are like the father that begets them:
Gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 253

Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying!

—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 149

Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

—King John, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 91

You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 178

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 38

LIFE

And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.

—As You Like it, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 26

Some, how brief the life of man
  Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
  Buckles in his sum of age.

—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 138

I see a man's life is a tedious one.

—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 1

The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 25

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 102

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 24

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.

—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 6

Life is a shuttle.

—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 25

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 9

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
—The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 156

Life's uncertain voyage.
—Timon of Athens, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 206

LIGHT

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 77

LIGHTNING

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 163

Sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 4

The most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning!
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 34

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 114

LIKENESS

The one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 51

She's as like this as a crab is like an apple.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 15

LILY

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets!
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 15

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 150

LION

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 197

Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 18

Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 20

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 459

The grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 421

LIP

His coward lips did from their colour fly.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 122

Divers philosophers hold that the lip is parcel of the mouth.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 236

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 12

I'll take that winter from your lips.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 23

O!, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 159

LONDON

I hope to see London once ere I die.
—II Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 61

LOSS

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 1

Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back—
Enow to press a royal merchant down

And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 27

LOVE

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 103

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
—All's Well that Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 140

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 426

I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 21

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 115

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 160

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 111

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 20

Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.
—A Lover's Complaint, L. 271

Love, whose month is ever May.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 102

It adds precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 333

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 337

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 344

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see,
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 36

O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 5

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 41

To say the truth, reason and love keep
little company together now-a-days.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 150

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 135

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 196

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stormy limits cannot hold love out,

And what love can do that dares love attempt.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 66

It is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
—Sonnet No. XL

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
—Sonnet No. CXVI

Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein.
—The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 51

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 170

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 575

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 799

LOVER

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 54

Sweet lovers love the spring.
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 23

Green indeed is the colour of lovers.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 91

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 4

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 7

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 165

LOYALTY

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 13, L. 42

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 69

And with submissive loyalty of heart.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 10

LUST

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dullness—
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 23

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 144

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 48

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 36

Light and lust are deadly enemies.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 674

Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 692

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 734

MADNESS

Though I am mad, I will not bite him.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 80

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 211

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 216

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 197

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!

For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 48

O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 50

My wits begin to turn.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 67

O, matter and impertinancy mix'd!
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 179

Have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 84

If I should despair, I should grow mad.
—Sonnet No. CXI.

This is very midsummer madness.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 62

MAID

I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 72

A maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 323

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 62

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgandy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 261

A maid of grace and complete majesty.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act 1, Sc. 1, L. 135

An honest maid as ever broke bread.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 161

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself.
—Othello, Act I. Sc. 3, L. 94

MALICE

The malice of this age.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 195

Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 43

Malice bears down truth.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 214

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 341

No levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 48

The malice of mankind.
—Timon of Athens, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 459

The venomous malice of my swelling heart.
—Titus Andronicus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 13

Wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 63

The very fangs of malice.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 196

MAN

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling you seem to say so.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 323

What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
—Hamlet, Act, IV, Sc. 4, L. 33

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 148

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 73

O! the difference of man and man.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 26

Humanity must perforce prey on itself
Like masters of the deep.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 49

Ay, in the catalogue ye go, for men.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 92

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 59

A man is never undone till he be hanged.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 5

Men have marble, women waxen, minds.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1240

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 45

Every man is odd.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 42

MANNER

Those that are good manners at the court,
are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour
of the country is most mockable at the court.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 47

I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 109

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.
—Twelfth-Night, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 52

MARIGOLD

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 26

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 105

MARRIAGE

If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriages.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 55

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II. Sc. 3, L. 315

As a walled town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the brow of a bachelor.

—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 62

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 141

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 144

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realm in one!

—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 387

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 18

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.

—Sonnet No. CXVI

MASTER

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 42

MAY

As full of spirit as the month of May.
—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 101

No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 136

MEDDLER

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 52

For my part, I'll not meddle.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 14

MEDICINE

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 47

For 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 7

In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 12

Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 264

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 254

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 65

MEEKNESS

They can be meek that have no other cause.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 33

Put meekness in thy mind.
—Richard III, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 107

MELANCHOLY

He has a cloud in's face.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 51

I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 13

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples extracted from many objects, and indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 11

O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 203

There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 173

I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 83

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 6

He is of a very melancholy disposition.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 5

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
—The Taming of the Shrew Induction, Sc. 2, L. 135

Like a melancholy malcontent.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 313

MEMORY

Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 316

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory?
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 43

Purpose is but the slave of memory.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 200

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 174

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 221

It presses to my memory,
Like damned, guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 110

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
—Sonnet No. XXX

MERCY

The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 3

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 46

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 81

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 306

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 59

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 184

We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 200

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

—Timon of Athens, Act 3, Sc. 5, L. 3

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 119

Brother you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 37

MERIT

Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 151

O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 119

Good counsellors lack no clients.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 115

MERRIMENT

What should a man do but be merry?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 133

Put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 217

As merry as the day is long.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 52

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
—The Tempest, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 93

MIDNIGHT

Fill our bowls, once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 13, L. 183

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 198

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 372

MIND

Keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 70

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 33

'Tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
—II Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 13

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 11

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 40

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 20

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 173

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 89

Thy mind is a very opal.
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 72

In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 403

MINUTE

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.
—Sonnet No. LX

MIRACLE

Great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 143

They say miracles are past.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 1

MIRROR

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 34

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 54

To hold as 'twere, the mirror upto nature.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 24

You have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eyes.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 56

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear.
—Sonnet No. LXXVII

MIRTH

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 865

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 11

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandshire cut in alabaster?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 79

Very tragical mirth.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 56

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 2, L. 137

MISCHIEF

Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 265

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 203

O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 35

MISERY

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 136

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 324

Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 172

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 111

Misery makes sport to mock itself.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 85

O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 52

Sharp misery hath worn him to the bones.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 41

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 42

MISFORTUNE

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 82

MISTAKE

Leave no rubs nor botches in the work.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 134

MISTRESS

To each one of you one fair and virtuous mistress.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 63

Your mistresses dare never come in rain
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 270

And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 123

Now you are metamorphosed with a mistress.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 32

MOB

Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 9

He himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 17

The blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude.
—II Henry IV, Induction, L. 18

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 8, L. 57

The tag-rag people.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 260

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 9, L. 31

MODERATION

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 5

Be moderate, be moderate.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 1

MODESTY

Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 168

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness?
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 285

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 27

MONEY

If money go before, all ways do lie open.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 177

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 32

Who steals my purse steals trash.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 157

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 82

MONK

All hoods make not monks.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 23

MOON

The glimpses of the moon.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 53

Upon the corner of the moon,
There hangs a vaporous drop profound.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 23

How slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 3

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 107

O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 109

MORALIST

Come, you are too severe a moraler.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 303

MORNING

I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 149

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 166

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 58

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 89

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of lights.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 1

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye.
—Sonnet No. XXXIII

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.
—The Tempest, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 65

The sun begins to gild the western sky.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 1

MORTALITY

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 82

MOTHER

A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doating title of a mother.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 299

MURDER

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 62

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 257

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 27

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 630

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't;
A brother's murder!
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 36

Forgive me my foul murder.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 52

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 127

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 258

The most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 71

The murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 120

Blood hath been shed ere now i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 75

Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 86

I will kill thee,
And love thee after.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 18

The Great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 204

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 22

Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 89

O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 286

Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
—Titus Andronicus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 65

MUSIC

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 1

Make battery to our ears with the loud music.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 116

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 3

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 12

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 342

Music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 16

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 55

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 83

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So it is in the music of men's lives.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 42

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 389

NAIL

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 144

NAME

Thou hast stolen both mine office and my name,
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 44

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
—Coriolanus, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 64

When we were happy we had other names.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 8

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 194

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 43

I do beseech you—
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 34

NATION

A nation strong, train'd up in arms.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. I, I. 30

NATURE

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 10

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 6

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 26

Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. ,
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 188

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pich'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 27

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 51

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 175

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
—The Winter's Tale, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 152

NECESSITY

Construe the times to their necessities.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 104

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 163

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 225

Necessity's sharp pinch!
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 214

The art of necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 70

If I break faith, this world shall speak for me,
I am forsworn 'on mere necessity.'
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 154

Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 277

To make a virtue of necessity.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 63

NECK

I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 153

Falls not the axe upon the humblest neck
But first begs pardon.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 5

And thus I set my foot on 's neck.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 92

NEEDLE

So delicate with her needle.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 197

Go ply thy needle.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 25

NEWS

The nature of bad news infects the teller.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 103

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 85

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 24

Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 53

If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 12

Thou still hast been the father of good news.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 42

There's villainous news abroad.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 371

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 100

I drown'd these news in tears.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 104

News fitting to the night
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
—King John, Act 5, Sc. 6, L. 19

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 22

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 30

How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 30

NIGHT

Burn this night with torches.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 41

Making night hideous.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 54

Here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 13

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 2

I must become a borrower of the night
For a hour or twain.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 26

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 50

This night methinks is but the daylight sick.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 124

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 21

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow.
—Sonnet No. XC

Black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 773

NIGHTINGALE

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 104

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 2

NILE, (The)

E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 52

Where's my serpent of old Nile?
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 25

The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 23

NOBILITY

His nature is too noble for the world.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. L, L. 255

True nobility is exempt from fear.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 129

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 68

Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. ,
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 175

NONSENSE

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 154

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 58

NOTHINGNESS

To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 25

Nothing will come of nothing.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 92

OAK

An oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 105

OATH

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 21

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 116

A good mouth-filling oath.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 258

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
—II Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 182

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 89

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 162

Having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 65

What fool is not so wise
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 72

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 228

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 120

The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood.
—The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 52

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 16

It is the purpose that makes strong the vows;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 23

OBEDIENCE

I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 30

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 18

Let them obey that know not how to rule.
—II Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 6

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 64

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible storms.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 161

Give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 26

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act 3, Sc. 1, L. 78

OBLIVION

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 147

The dust of old oblivion.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 87

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 194

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 166

OBSERVATION

The observ'd of all observers.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 163

OBSTINACY

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 26

'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 301

OCCUPATION

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 358

OFFENCE

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
—Hamlet Act III, Sc. 3, L. 36

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 199

The rankest compound of villainous smell
That ever offended nostril.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 95

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 80

OPINION

His own opinion was his law.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 37

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 33

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 56

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it
On both sides, like a leather jerkin.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 268

OPPORTUNITY

There's place and means for every man alive.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 379

Let's take the instant by the forward top.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 39

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 89

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 119

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallow's and in miseries.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 212

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 223

O opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason:
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 876

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 890

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 897

ORACLE

Bold as an oracle.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 192

There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
—The Winter's Tale, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 141

ORATOR

Whose words all ears took captive.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 17

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 75

I am no orator, as Brutus is.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 221

Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 74

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 805

ORDER

Order gave each thing view.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 44

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 85

PAIN

Lord, how we lose our pains!
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 24

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 72

I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 369

PAINTING

It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
—Timon of Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 37

Wrought he not well that painted it?
—Timon and Athens, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 201

PARTING

Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 403

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 22

Good-night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 184

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 112

PASSION

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 157

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.
As I do thee.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 76

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 206

You are eaten up with passion.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 392

PAST

Past and to come, seems best; things present, worst.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 108

What's past is prologue.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 261

The dark backward and abysm of time.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 50

PATIENCE

Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 13, L. 79

You tread upon my patience.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 4

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 26

What have you to say
I will with patience hear.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 169

What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 207

How poor are they that have not patience!
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 379

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 62

That which in mean men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 33

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 51

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 61

PATRIOTISM

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

—Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 24

I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life.

—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 109

One drop of blood drawn from the country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.

—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 54

Who is here so vile that will not love his country?

—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 35

PAYMENT

Base is the slave that pays.

—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 101

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 416

PEACE

The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 5

We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans.

—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 79

Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 21

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace.

—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 33

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 89

Why that the naked poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births.
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely village?

—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 34

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 446

Is this weak piping time of peace.

—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 24

Enrich the time to come with smooth fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!

—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 46

PEACOCK

And like a peacock sweep along his tail.

—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 6

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,
a stride and a stand.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 251

PEDANTRY

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 49

PELICAN

Like the kind, life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 146

That blood already, like the pelican.
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 126

PEN

Many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 367

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 63

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 52

PEOPLE

Our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 198

Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 8

PERFECTION

She did make defect perfection.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 239

Thou art the nonpareil.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 19

I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 21

It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his perfection!
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 49

No perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 853

Every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
—Sonnet No. XV

But you, O you
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 46

If one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 13

PERFUME

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that ,
The winds were love-sick.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 201

The perfumed tincture of the roses.
—Sonnet No. LIV

PERSEVERANCE

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have one is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 150

PERVERSITY

'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God if the devil bid you.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 108

PHILOSOPHY

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 22

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 166

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 144

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 53

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 28

PIETY

Thou villain, thou art full of piety.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 84

O cruel, irreligious piety!
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 130

PITY

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 8, L. 41

Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 595

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 71

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 273

Tear-falling pity dwells not in his eyes.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 65

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 8

PLACE

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 132

O, place and greatness! million of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 60

PLEASURE

There's not a minute of our lives should
Stretch without some pleasure.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 46

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 385

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 39

POET

O! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.
—Henry V, Prologue, L. 1

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling.
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 12

POETRY

For the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 21

The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 126

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 346

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime.
—Sonnet No. LV

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.
—Sonnet No. LXXXI

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 72

POISON

In poison there is physic.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 137

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.
—King John, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 213

They love not poison that do poison need.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 6, L. 38

POLICE

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 35

POLICY

Manhood is call'd foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric.
—Coriolanus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 245

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 160

Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 65

Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.
—Timon of Athens, Act III. Sc. 2, L. 94

POLITICIAN

This vile politician.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 241

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 175

POPULARITY

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak; matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 281

The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 330

POVERTY

My friends were poor, but honest.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 203

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 52

An honest exceeding poor man.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 54

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 49

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 75

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 141

PRAISE

I will praise any man that will praise me.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 89

This praise doth nourish agues.
—I Henry, IV, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 112

You were ever good at sudden commandations.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 122

This comes too near the praising of myself..
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 22

The trumpet of his own virtues.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 91

Our praises are our wages.
—The Winter's Tale, Act, I, Sc. 2, L. 94

PRAYER

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 5

Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 70

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 97

Nay, that's past praying for.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 214

My prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return.
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 67

Now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 123

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects; heaven hath my empty words.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 1

Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 22

How she prayed, that never prayed before.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 82

PREACHER

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than he one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 13

PRECEDENT

I'll show thee a precedent.

—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 37

But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?

—A Lover's Complaint, L. 155

PRIDE

My pride fell with my fortunes.

—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 269

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.

—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 114

Prouder than rustling in unpaid—for silk.

—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 24

Pride went before, ambition follows him.

—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 181

My high-blown pride
At length broke under me.

—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 362

'Tis pride that pulls the country down.

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 99

Pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 88

Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 391

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 165

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 170

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 47

PRINCE

He was most princely.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 57

Princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 615

PRISON

Our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 42

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 93

Come, let's away to prison:
We too alone will sing, like birds i' the cage.
—King Lear Act V, Sc. 3, L. 8

We'll bear out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 17

PRODIGALITY

What prodigal portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 40

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 268

PROMISE

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
—I Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 6, L. 6

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 41

Keep thy word justly.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 79

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.
—Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 41

Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.

—Timon of Athens, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 24

To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

—Timon of Athens, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 31

PROOF

To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more vert test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods,
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 106

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof.

—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 361

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 192

PROPHECY

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 58

PROSPERITY

Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction
may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 311

Prosperity's the very bond of love.
—Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 586

PROVERB

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 304

I know a hawk from a handsaw.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 406

The proverb is something musty.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 366

With all appliances and means to boot.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 29

Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 12

May's new-fangled mirth.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 106

Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 54

Patch grief with proverbs.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 17

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 37

I can tell thee where that saying was born.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 9

PROVIDENCE

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 43

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 10

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 232

Arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 106

But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 113

A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 153

PRUDENCE

Wake not a sleeping wolf.
To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 176

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 42

PUNISHMENT

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 65

Where the offence is let the great axe fall.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 218

Off with his guilty head!
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 3

Your great goodness out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.
—Henry VIII, Act IIII, Sc. 2, L. 264

PURPOSE

May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 150

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 200

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 34

We shall express our darker purpose.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 38

No compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 46

Infirm of purpose!
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 53

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 146

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring seas.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 37

QUARREL

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstances; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as 'If you said so, then I said so' any they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 94

As quarrelous as the weasel.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 162

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 65

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 233

No quarrel, but a slight contention.
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 6

Carp and quarrel.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 225

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 122

QUEEN

The imperial jointress to this warlike state.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 9

The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 16

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 87

QUESTION

How needless was it then
To ask the question!
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 116

QUIET

I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 80

READING

Exceedingly well read.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 165

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 201

He hath not fed of the dainties that are bred of a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 25

REASON

A beast, that wants discourse of reason.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 150

And reason panders will.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 88

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 3

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 202

But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 96

Strong reasons make strong actions.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 182

His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bus-

hels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 115

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 115

Reason becomes the marshal to my will.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 120

It fits thee not to ask the reason why.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 157

My reasons are both good and weighty.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 250

O, strange 'xcuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!
—Venus and Adonis, L. 791

REBELLION

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 68

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood.
—II Henry IV, Induction, L. 26

Rebellion in the land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 41

Rebellion, flat rebellion!
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 298

RECREATION

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody moping and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
—The Comedy of Errors, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 78

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 2

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 256

RELIGION

Thus Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 212

Sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 47

Religiun's love put out Religion's eye.
—A Lover's Complaint, L. 250

In religion
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 77

REMORSE

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 86

I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 125

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eyes: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 71

Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 44

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout.

—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 56

O! full of scorpions in my mind.

—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 36

Infected minds
To their deaf pillows discharge their secrets.

—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 79

REPENTANCE

Try what repentance can; what can it not?

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 65

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.

—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 149

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am
in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly,
and then I shall have no strength to repent.

—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 5

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 105

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 198

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 293

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 79

By penitence the Eternal' wrath's appeas'd.

—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 81

REPUTATION

Read not my blemishes in the world's report.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 5

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 152

I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
—I Henry IV, Act I Sc. 2, L. 92

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 158

Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black.
As mine own face.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 390

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 177

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 94

I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 228

RESIGNATION

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 54

RESOLUTION

But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 84

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickli'd o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 84

Steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 331

Put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 52

Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 168

My will is back'd with resolution.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 352

How high a pitch his resolution soars!
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 109

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
—The Tempest, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 12

REST

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 182

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 21

REVENGE

I will have such revenge on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terror of the earth.

—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 282

Let's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 214
—othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 113

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 47

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.

—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 56

Murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 113

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 55

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 40

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 38

Thus the whirligig of time brings him his revenges.

—Twelfth-Night, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 389

REWARD

I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour.

—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 35

There is tear for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.

—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 30

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.

—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 236

RIDDLE

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 65

The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 121

RIVER

On the gentle Severn's sedgy bank.

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 98

Swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds.

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 103

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet with the enamell'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 25

Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow its bank.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 71

ROMAN

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 13, L. 87

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 99

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
—Julius Caesar, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 68

Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 376

ROSE

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
—I Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 30

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 254

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 107

When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither: I'll smell thee on the tree.
—Othello Act V, Sc. 2, L. 13

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
—Sonnet No LIV

RUMOUR

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.
—II Henry IV, Induction, L. 15

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 97

When we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 19

SAFETY

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 43

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 11

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 13

SAINT

Thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed
Able to corrupt a saint.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 101

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 180

Such an injury would vex a very saint.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 28

SALT

This would make a man a man of salt.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 199

We have some salt of our youth in us.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 50

SATIRE

That is some satire, keen and critical.
—Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 54

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 52

SAVAGERY

This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 3, I. 48

A rude and savage man of Inde.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 222

SCANDAL

We in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalis'd and foully spoken of.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 153

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1006

SCHOLAR

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But, to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
—Henry VIII, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 51

SCORN

The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 54

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 159

Scorn at first makes after-love the more.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 95

SCRATCHING

I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 29

SEA

The always-wind-obeying deep.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act, I, Sc. 1, 63

Neptune's salt-wash.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 168

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 87

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren land.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 70

Unpath'd waters.
—Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 580

SECRECY

Whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 248

Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 113

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 89

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 9

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 417

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 94

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 94

Thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 157

SECURITY

Security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
—Macbeth Act III, Sc. 5, L. 32

SELF-CONTROL

Keep yourself within yourself.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 75

Brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 8

I pray you, school yourself.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 15

SELF-LOVE

Self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 158

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 74

I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 313

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part.
And for this sin there is no remedy.
—Sonnet No. LXII

I to myself am dearer than a friend.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 23

SELF-PRAISE

There's not one wiseman among twenty that will praise himself.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 79

SELF-SACRIFICE

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia.
The gods themselves throw incense.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 20

SERENITY

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 188

SERVANT

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 56

Servants must their masters' minds fulfil.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 114

SERVICE

Service is no heritage.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 25

The merit of service is seldom attributed
To the true and exact performer.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 62

I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 28

It did me yeoman's service.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 36

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 456

'Tis the curse of the service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 35

SERVILITY

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 112

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 130

For aye thy foot-licker.
—The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 220

Supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 48

SHADOW

Shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 216

Chequer'd shadow.
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 15

SHAME

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 19

O shame! where is thy blush!
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 82

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 4

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 5

Must I hold a candle to my shames?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 41

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 91

SHEPHERD

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 47

SHIPWRECK

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 21

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 67

SHOE

And put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 213

SIGH

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being.
—Hamlet. Act II, Sc. 1, L. 94

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 370

SIGHT

O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 169

SILENCE

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 111

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 319

They froze me into silence.
—Timon of Athens, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 223

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 41

SIMPLICITY

Tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 104

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 64

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 40

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 31

Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 29

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.
—King John, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 261

Thy sins are visited in this poor child.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 179

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 59

Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 38

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 147

Confess thee freely of thy sin.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 53

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 92

One sin, I know, another doth provoke.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 137

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 354

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
—Richard II, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 239

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 3

You cannot make gross sins look clear.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 39

SISTER

A ministering angel shall my sister be.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 263

SKILL

To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 110

As an arrow shot
from a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 163

SKY

Look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 319

Heaven's face doth glow.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 48

The wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 43

SLANDER

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of the Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 34

Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 38

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 142

What have I done thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 39

Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transport his poison'd shot may miss our name.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 41

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
—II Henry IV, Induction, L. 6

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 76

Foul whisperings are abroad.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 78

Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 201

What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 202

One that is as slanderous as Satan.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 167

I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 84

Slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 88

Done to death by slanderous tongues.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 3

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 130

That is no slander, sir, which is a truth.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 33

Slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.
—Sonnet No LXX

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 193

SLAVERY

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 101

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 90

SLEEP

We did sleep day out of countenance.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 185

He that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 177

I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 126

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 4

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—II Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 26

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.

—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 299

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 230

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.

—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 12

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 37

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit!

—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 83

The season of all natures, sleep.

—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 141

Thy best of rest is sleep.

—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 17

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 435

SMILE

Smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber.

—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 210

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
—Hamlet. Act I, Sc. 5, L. 108

Those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip!
—King Lear. Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 21

There's daggers in man's smiles.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 146

A villain with a smiling cheek.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 101

A smile recures the wounding of a frown.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 465

SOCIETY

Society is not comfort
To one not sociable.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 12

Society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 169

SOLDIER

Ambition,
The soldier's virtue.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 22

A soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the hubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 149

Died with their swords in hand.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 36

When a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 59

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.
—I Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 12

Give them great meals of beef and iron
and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 166

They are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 42

Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 26

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 128

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 119

SON

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 81

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 103

A wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 11

The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 71

SONG

Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 14

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 152

He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes.
—The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 191

SORROW

Our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 13, L. 4

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, 86

More in sorrow than in anger.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 231

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 78

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 63

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3 L. 292

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 302

In wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is much length in grief.
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 93

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 36

SOUL

Thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 16

SPEECH

Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 77

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,
Look sweet, speak fair.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 10

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 421

A knavish speech
Sleeps in a foolish ear,
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 25

Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 95

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric!
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 238

Speak scholarly and wisely.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 2

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.
—Much Ado about Nothing, Act II Sc. I, L. 255

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 257

O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 5

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 7

Your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 6

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 24

Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 208

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.
—The Winter's Tale, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 14

SPIRIT

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 153

SPRING

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 20

STAGE

If it be true that good wine needs no bush,
'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.

—As You Like It, Epilogue, L. 3

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.

—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 465

STAR

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth.

—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 105

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 65

The stars above us, govern our conditions.

—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 35

Look, the unfolding star call up the shepherd.

—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 219

These blessed candles of the night.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 220

That full star that ushers in the even.
—Sonnet No. CXXXII

The burning tapers of the day.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 90

STATE

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 90

STRAWBERRY

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.
—Henry V, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 60

STRENGTH

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 107

STUDY

What is the end of study? Let me know.
Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Things hid and barr'd.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 55

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 84

So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire—so won, so lost.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 143

I am slow of study.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 70

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 34

STYLE

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 407

SUCCESS

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
—Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 265

Some falls are means the happier to arise.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 402

Nothing can seem foul to those that win.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 8

Things ill got had ever had bad success.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 46

They laugh that win.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 124

SUFFERANCE

Of sufferance come ease.
—II Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 28

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 111

Deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1287

Asses are made to bear.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 200

Women are made to bear.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 201

O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer.
—The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 5

SUICIDE

Is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 13, L. 80

That self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 21

This mortal house I'll ruin.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 51

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 78

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 131

To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 56

With blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 148

Let it not be call'd impiety,
If in the blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1174

SUMMER

Summer's parching heat.
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 82

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
—Sonnet No. XVIII

SUN

The glorious sun,
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 77

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 49

That orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
—Twelfth-Night, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 281

SUNRISE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 22

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 221

And hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 124

When the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glittering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills.
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 5

SUNSET

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 5

The setting sun, and music at the close,
At the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 12

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, lay the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 19

SUSPICION

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
—II Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 84

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
—III Henry VI. Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 7

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
—III Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 6, L. 11

They whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame.
—The Rape of Lucrece L. 1342

SWALLOW

The swallow follows not summer more
willing than we your lordship.
—Timon of Athens, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 33

SWAN

I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
—III Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 19

He makes a swanlike end,
Fading in music.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 44

All the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
—Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 102

SWEARING

Full of strange oaths.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 150

Foam'd at the mouth, and swore.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 277

Swearing till my very roof was dry.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 206

It comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 196

SWEETNESS

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 265

So sweet was ne'er so fatal.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 20

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 236

SWIMMING

Little wanton boys that swim on bladders.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 360

An unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 1098

SWORD

I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 12, L. 57

This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 24

So we measured swords and parted.
—As You Like It, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 91

The arbitrament of swords.
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 55

Full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 132

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 21

TALE

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 15

Mar a curious tale in telling it.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 35

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 90

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 358

A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one
of sprites and goblins.
—The Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 24

TEACHING

Highly fed and lowly taught.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 3

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 108

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 55

TEAR

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 55

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 181

And wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 122

Have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 2

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
—II Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 73

To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 85

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
—III Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 38

Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear.
—Henry VIII, Prologue L. 5

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 429

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 157

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 174

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum.
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 107

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 280

Raining the tears of lamentation.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 817

Our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
—Macbeth. Act II, Sc. 3, L. 129

How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 29

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 306

O! if not harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate:
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 593

Dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 202

And wet his grave with my repentant tears.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 216

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 322

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 102

Venus smiles not in the house of tears.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 8

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.
—Sonnet No. XXXIV

Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honeydew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
—Titus Andronicus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 112

TEMPTATION

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!
—King John, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 219

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 317

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 257

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 17

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 163

Most dangerous,
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
—Measure for Measure, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 181

The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 2

Tempt not a desperate man.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 59

THIEF

A cut-purse of the empire.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 99

A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another!
—I Henry IV, Act II. Sc. 2, L. 29

Rob me, the exchequer.
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 203

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 46

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 208

THOUGHT

Our worser thoughts heavens mend!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 66

Make not your thoughts your prisons.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 184

A woman's thought runs before her actions.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 147

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 59

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 259

But thoughts, the slaves of life, and life, time's fool.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 81

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 91

In the quick forge and working house of thought.
—Henry V, Act V, Prologue L. 23

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel
—I Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 19

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 45

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
—Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 193

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 41

Thought is free.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 74

THREAT

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 66

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 196

THUNDER

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 151

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 208

If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 22

The dread rattling thunder.
—The Tempest, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 44

TIME

The lazy foot of time.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 287

Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 210

There's a time for all things.
—The Comedy of Errors, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 67

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 188

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 283

Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 45

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's snare:
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are.

—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 925

Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

—The Rape of Lucrece L. 936

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

—The Rape of Lucrece L. 939

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 171

That old common arbitrator, Time.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 224

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

—Twelfth-Night, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 389

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 244

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:

Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
—Venus and Adonis, L. 129

TIMIDITY

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall.
—Hamlet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 613

Milk-liver'd man!
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 50

TITLE

Have you limbs
To bear the load of title?
—Henry VIII, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 38

Now he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 20

TOMORROW

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 19

TONGUE

You shall never take her without her answer,
Unless you take her without her tongue.
—As You Like It, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 180

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator?
—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 10

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again.
—Henry V, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 162

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freez
Allegiance in them.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 61

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
—Henry VIII, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 126

O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world.
—King John, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 38

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 165

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 189

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 148

His tongue is now a stringless instrument.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 150

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart:
Or else my heart concealing it will break.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 77

For she had a tongue with a tang.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 53

Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 137

TOOTHACHE

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 35

TRAITOR

The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.
—Coriolanus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 145

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
—Cymbeline, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 87

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
—II Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 191

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 18

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so and too bad to live.
—Richard II, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 39

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
—Richard III, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 57

TRAVEL

I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 5

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 57

TREACHERY

I am falser than vows made in wine.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 73

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
—II Henry VI, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 47

He is compos'd and framed of treachery.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 261

TREASON

Treason is not inherited, my lord.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 64

Mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 67

Treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 9

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 105

The purest spring is not free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 101

TRUST

Trust not to rotten planks.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 7, L. 62

The word is 'Pitch and Pay';
Trust none.
—Henry V, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 52

Trust not him that once hath once broken faith.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 30

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 6, L. 19

TRUTH

Truth would be but tales
Where now half tales be truths.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 140

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 78

Is not the truth the truth?
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 258

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!
—I Henry IV, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 62

Truth loves open dealing.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 39

As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 74

What! can the devil speak true?
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 107

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
—Measure for Measure, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 45

Truth will come to light.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 83

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 130

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
—Pericles, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 203

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 76

TYRANT

How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!
—Cymbeline, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 84

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well.
—Macbeth, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 12

But thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 78

Tyrants' fears,
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 84

UNDERSTANDING

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L 249

UNITY

I would we were all of one mind and one mind good.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 212

UNKINDNESS

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness.
—King Lear, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 137

I hope that we shall drink down all unkindess.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 204

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 159

VAGABOND

You shall comprehend all vagrom men.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 25

VALOUR

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 13, L. 198

It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 88

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
—III Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 62

For courage mounteth with occasion.
—King John, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 82

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7, L. 59

True valour still a true respect should have.
—The Rape of Lucrece, L. 201

VANITY

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
—Richard II, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 38

VICE

In the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 153

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 45

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6, L. 169

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 172

But think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 22

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 81

How vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 127

Vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.
—Pericles, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 96

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.
—Richard III, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 28

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 21

O! what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
—Sonnet No. XCV

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 52

VICTORY

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 99

Either victory, or else a grave.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 174

To whom God will, there be the victory!
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 15

VILLAIN

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 106

VILLAINY

O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 325

The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 76

There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy.
—Timon of Athens, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 19

VIOLET

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 7

Who are the violets now
That strews the green lap of the new come spring?
—Richard II, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 46

VIRTUE

Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 38

Virtue finds no friends.
—Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 125

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 13

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
—Measure for Measure, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 214

Is it a world to hide virtues in?
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 142

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 405

VISION

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 33

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said
Led you to Duncan.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 62

VOICE

His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 83

I thank you for your voices, thank you,
Your most sweet voices.
—Coriolanus, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 179

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, and excellent thing in woman.
—King Lear, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 274

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 55

O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 47

VOW

Those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 30

By all the vows that ever men have broke,—
In number more than ever women spoke.
—A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 175

WAR

Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.
—Coriolanus, Act IV, Sc. 5, L. 237

The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.
—I Henry IV, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 87

There are few die well that die in a battle.
—Henry V, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 148

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
—I Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 72

O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!
—II Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 33

Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
—King John, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 113

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stiring dum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 350

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 9

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 15

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
—Richard III, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 110

WASTE

I am now about no waste, I am about thrift.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 43

You waste the treasure of your time,
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 5, L. 61

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
—Twelfth-Night, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 144

WATCH

Ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 201

WATER

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
—II Henry VI, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 53

Court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 10

Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
—Sonnet No. CLIV

WEATHER

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 16

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 34

WEED

Bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 4

O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee. Would thou had'st ne'er be born.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 67

The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 38

WHORE

Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 29

Your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, used painting.
—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 39

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon?
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 71

This is the fruit of whoring.
—Othello, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 116

WICKEDNESS

And now am I, if a man should speak truly,
little better than one of the wicked.
—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 105

WIFE

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 221

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 288

Render me worthy of this noble wife!
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 303

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 130

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.
—Othello, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 21

To have a foolish wife.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 302

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots' 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment.
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 63

What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband?
—Troilus and Cressida, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 175

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
—The Winter's Tale, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 198

WIND

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 1

WINE

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round.
Cup us, till the world go round!
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 120

O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 588

If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 118

Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness.

—Julius Caesar, Act IV, Sc. 3, L. 158

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy.

—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 86

O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

—Othello, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 285

Come and crush a cup of wine.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 86

WINTER

Quake in the present winter's state and wish
The warmer days would come.

—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 5

Winter which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

—Sonnet, No. LVI

Winter tames man, woman and beast.

—The Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 24

WISDOM

Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

—I Henry IV, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 99

I would you would make use of your good wisdom.
Whereof I know you are fraught.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 242

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 38

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.
—Macbeth, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 53

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.
—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 54

WISH

Wishers were ever fools.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 15, L. 37

Your heart's desires be with you!
—As You Like It, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 214

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
—II Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. 5 , L. 93

WIT

You have a nimble wit; I think, 'twas made of Atlanta's heels.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 294

Thy wit shall not go slip-shod.
—King Lear, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 11

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 119

What a wit-snapper are you?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 55

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 62

There's a skirmish of wit between them.
—Much Ado About Nothing, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 64

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 86

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 12

I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.
—Twelfth-Night, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 92

WOE

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these, indeed, seem;
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 77

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
—Hamlet, Act IV, Sc. 7, L. 164

All these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 52

O! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.
—Titus Andronicus, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 149

WOMAN

A very honest woman, but sometimes given to lie.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 251

The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 110

Who is 't can read a woman?
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 48

Frailty, thy name is woman!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 146

You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname
God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.
Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad.
—Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 151

Constant you are;
But yet a woman.
—I Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 113

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.
—Henry VIII, Act I, Sc. 4, L. 22

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
—Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 9

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way of starved people.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 294

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
—Othello, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 109

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
—Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 75

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 143

For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
—Twelfth-Night, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 38

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 341

WONDER

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 164

You shall see wonders.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Sc. 1, L. 13

I am to discourse wonders.
—A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 30

WOODS

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these words
More free from peril than the envious court?
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 2

Unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4, L. 2

WOOING

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 66

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I am at.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Sc. 4, L. 15

Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 11

She is a woman, therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
—Titus Andronicus, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 82

WORDS

I'll sauce her with bitter words.
—As You Like It, Act III, Sc. 5, L. 68

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 133

Men of few words are the best men.
—Henry V, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 39

Few words but to effect.
—King Lear, Act III, Sc. 1, L. 52

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.
—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 938

I have no words,
My voice is in my sword.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 7, L. 36

Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 176

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!
—The Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 254

I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath.
—Othello, Act III, Sc. 3, L. 118

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 31

Your words and performances are no kin together.
—Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 184

Talkers are no good doers; be assured
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.
—Richard III, Act I, Sc. 3, L. 351

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.
—The Tempest, Act II, Sc. 1, L. 113

These words are razors to my wounded heart.
—Titus Andronicus, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 314

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles.
—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 75

WORK

A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value.
—Cymbeline, Act II, Sc. 4, L. 72

There's other work in hand.
—Cymbeline, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 104

WORLD

All the world's a stage.
—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7, L. 139

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
—Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 133

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. 1, L. 77

Let the world slide.
—The Taming of the Shrew, Induction, Sc. 1, L. 6

WORTH

They are but beggars that can count their worth.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 6, L. 32

WOUNDS

The wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words.
—III Henry VI, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 121

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 229

Put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
—Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 232

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood:
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful enterance.
—Macbeth, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 119

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
—Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Sc. 2, L. 1

WRITING

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.
—Hamlet, Act V, Sc. 2, L. 33

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
—I Henry VI, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 66

WRONG

He hath done me wrong.
—I Henry VI, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 85

To do a great right, do a little wrong.
—The Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Sc. 1, L. 216

Wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
—Titus Andronicus, Act V, Sc. 3, L. 126

YESTERDAY

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5, L. 22

O! call back yesterday, bid time return.
—Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2, L. 69

YOUTH

My salad days
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act I, Sc. 5, L. 73

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act III, Sc. 11, L. 20

The spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
—Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV, Sc. 4, L. 26

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
—Henry V, Act I, Sc. 2, L. 120

We have some salt of our youth in us.
—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II, Sc. 3, L. 50

ZEPHYR

As gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head.
—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2, L. 171

INDEX



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He has been a writer for half a century. His first book of English verse was published when he was in school; five more slim volumes came out during his college years.

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